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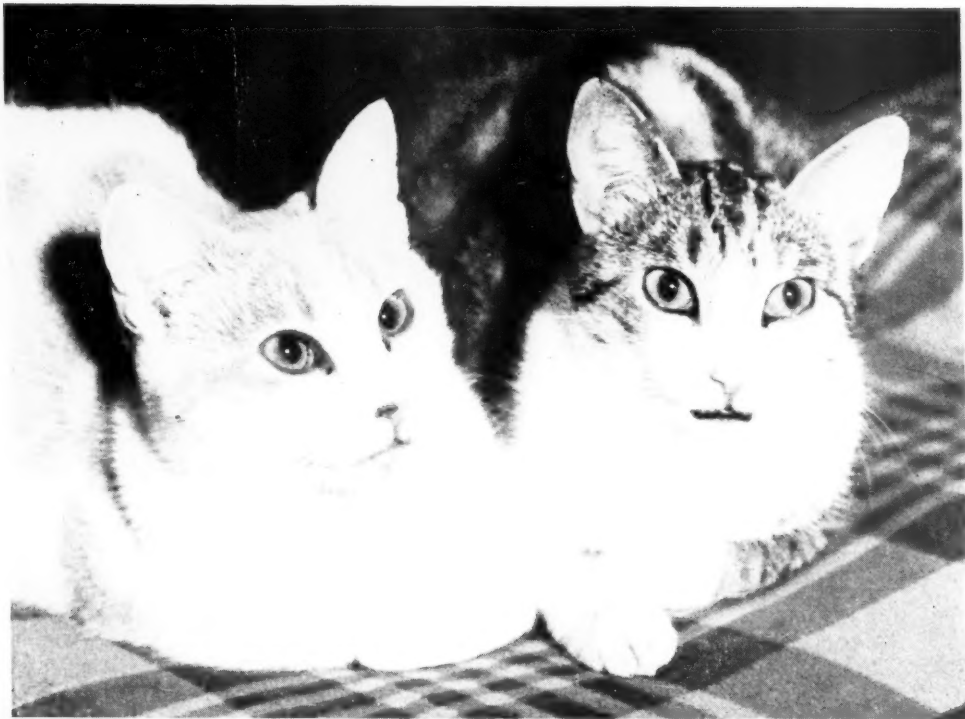
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JANUARY 1942

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Vol. 75, 1942



THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY  
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY  
TO ANIMALS & THE AMERICAN  
HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 1

## The New Year

We wish we could say to all who read these words, "A Happy New Year," but if to us there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Cytherean, bondman nor free—and all of them our kin—then, knowing what war, this New Year, must mean to unnumbered millions of them, we must sorrow with their sorrow and lift our hearts with their sorrow and lift our hearts with their deepest gratitude for all the blessings that are ours. Though war now has come to us we are still a people strong and free and at last united.

We are just as fond of animals as we are willing to make sacrifices of time and money in their behalf.

What can we as a Nation do when a ruthless foe, violating its sacred plea for peace, sweeps down upon us with brutal disregard of every human right, but defend our liberties and our homes?

It is a great debt the humane cause and all benevolent and charitable organizations owe the public press. The publicity given to the work of these societies by the newspapers not only stimulates interest in their activities, but brings financial help.

An important meeting was held recently in the offices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. by humane workers of the State, and a committee was appointed to work in co-operation with the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety for the purpose of disseminating knowledge to all owners of animals as to the best methods to be used in case of an air raid. Further particulars will be given in our next issue.

## The Great Gulf

ALL of us who love animals should stop frequently and take anew our bearings. Wonderful as appear at times the intelligence and almost human cleverness of the animal, a little thought reveals the great gulf that divides his life from ours. The baby just born is, so far as we can discover, no different in mental or moral constitution from the young puppy or the helpless kitten, indeed rather less promising in these respects than the new-born colt. But there comes a day when the human child begins to say "I" and "you"; when that transcendent gift of speech is evident as a part of his great inheritance. By this alone is he separated immeasurably from the creatures below him.

"The animal," said Professor James, "has a hair-trigger constitution, and action follows immediately upon impulse." Show a hungry dog a bone and he enters into no debate with himself as to whether he should eat it or not. It is true he will bury a bone and so save it for some future meal, but not if he is hungry. No horse, so far as we know, ever left half his oats today fearing that he might need them more tomorrow. Impulses are not restrained among animals to conserve health and add to efficiency. Marvelous as may be the power of my dog to understand my moods, deathless as his affection and fidelity, his mental state is as unsolved a mystery to me as it was to my remotest ancestor.

This does not mean that the claim upon us of the animal is one whit the less for justice, kindness, protection from needless pain. Rather the more, because this gulf exists, because I am the more highly endowed, must I show to him the spirit of good will and thoughtful care. *Noblesse oblige.*

## He is Not Deaf

FEW animals surpass the horse in the keenness of his hearing: yet there are a multitude of drivers who yell and shout as if the horse in front of them with the delicate and sensitive ear were sixteen blocks away. We have sometimes been able to convey a sound to the horse we were driving which the person sitting beside us could not hear. The quiet, confident tones of the voice aid greatly in controlling the horse. We do not like drivers who never talk to their horses, though there used to be a driver of a six-horse team in Boston known as "Silent Jim." People stopped often to watch him handle his team in difficult situations, backing, cramping, turning around, without speaking a word. At any rate, please remember, whoever you are who drive, that your horse has no need of an ear trumpet to hear you.

Shaler Matthews, speaking about the white man's burden, says: "The white man's burden is largely composed of loot which the white man has taken from his yellow friend and brown brother."

A well-known bank president says, "If I had twenty tongues I would preach politeness with them all, for a long experience has taught me that the results are tangible and inevitable. Politeness is the Aladdin's lamp of success."

He who can speak of a worn-out horse as an "old skate," or of a homeless dog as a "cur," is probably the sort of man ready to call an Italian laborer a "Dago," a Hebrew a "Sheeney," and Negroes and Chinamen and men of other nationalities besides his own, by names of contempt. By our words we are judged. They are revelations of our inmost souls.

## New Year

Judy Van der Veer

*I would have this new year bring  
Soft and warm the dancing rain  
To make the hills turn bright with grass,  
To make the fields grow gold with grain.*

*And I would have it bring much sun  
To warm the hidden calves asleep,  
And dry the rain from curly coats  
Of little lambs and mother sheep.*

*And I would have it bring small winds  
For all the colts that like to run  
And play across the shining grass,  
And kick at shadows in the sun.*

*And I would have this year be kind  
To wild things like the birds and fawns,  
For all the furtive hunted ones  
Bring sheltered nights and friendly dawns.*

## Guarding the Fur Seals

CLEVE WILLIAMS

EVERY year, the United States government sends out many of its Coast Guard cutters to protect the young seals. These pug-nosed infants swim with their mothers down from their summer resort on the cold, rocky Pribilof Islands of Alaska, to bask in the warm waters of the coast of California.

The little seals have to swim many hundreds of miles, and naturally they and their mothers travel very slowly. That is why the government sends its cutters to guard them. For if the seals had no protection, cruel pelagic sealers might hunt them down with motorboats and rifles, and kill them for their fur, which is very valuable. It is against the laws of several nations for hunters to follow the mothers and capture them or to catch and kill their young.

Long ago the seal hunters slew their prey relentlessly, until there was danger that all the seals would be gone. But the seals never changed the custom of swimming up to Alaska and back down to warmer waters—just as though they trusted in some greater power to come to their help eventually. Finally help came. The nations held a conference, and the United States was charged with the duty of protecting the seals.

Beginning in January, and often even earlier, mother-seals and father-seals start swimming from the warm Southern waters as far down as Mexico and back to Pribilof where government officers select the seals to be used for fur—a relatively small number. Coast Guard cutters then keep hunters away from all the other seals, which are free to frolic about the rocks.

At that time, the bleak islands are a queer sight, with big seals weighing a



Photo from U. S. Bureau, Biological Survey  
THE POLAR BEAR INHABITS THE NORTHERN PART OF BOTH HEMISPHERES

ton or more "woofing" majestically, and tiny seals barking shrilly, trying their flippers as they wriggle around, and diving into the sea to catch fish. Then, too, the mother-seals are teaching their pups to stay close to the maternal flippers, lest lurking polar bears catch some of them.

Because of old treaties with the Indians, the red men are still allowed to hunt seal with bow and arrow. The joke is that they may only use canoes. It is hard to catch a seal in a canoe, and harder still to shoot one with an arrow, so the seals are not in much danger. For rare is the Indian who can boast of having harmed one of Uncle Sam's charges.

Since the government started protecting seals, their number has increased until now there are approximately two millions.

The armadillo, commonly found in southern Texas, Mexico, and Central America always has four young and the four are either all males or all females. This is the only animal in the world known to produce its litter of young of only one sex. They make nice pets and are easy to care for. They root in the ground like pigs, hunting for insects and roots. They are protected by a hard shell which covers the entire body except the underside.

Turtles are rather sluggish animals and do not use up much energy. Their hard shells prevent moisture from escaping from their bodies. They readily store up fat which serves them well in time of famine. When necessary they can go without food for a year.

## Giants of the Ice

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

THE polar bear is different from all other members of the bear family in that its neck is long, its head is slender and pointed, and it has fur on the soles of its feet.

This animal can adapt himself to being a water animal if necessity demands, and if he has to fight for his food under the ice he is quite capable of doing so. Although he can plunge into the water in chase of a salmon and return with the fish in his mouth, the main food of the polar bear is seal and walrus. If the seal escapes into his hole through the ice before the polar bear has had a chance to catch him, this huge, foxy creature sits patiently and waits until the seal comes to the surface.

The white fur coating of the polar bear is so dense that he is immune to the severest cold. His toes are partly webbed and his feet are large and flat. Thus they serve as snowshoes and paddles.

The mother bear sleeps through the winter in a hole which she has dug for herself in a snowbank. When she comes out in the spring she usually has a baby or two with her—young cubs about as large as cats.

The father bear does not hibernate, but roams the ice all through the winter, no matter how severe the cold.

These bears grow sometimes to a length of thirteen feet, and weigh up to sixteen hundred pounds. They are also called ice bears.

The ivory-billed woodpecker is the rarest of North American birds.

## New York Editor Fond of Cats

JAMES M. ROSS

MY favorite animals are cats," said Miss Daisy Bacon, young, blonde, brilliant editor-in-chief of three national magazines, when interviewed at her office in the Street and Smith building, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, where each week she reads more than a million words in selecting stories for "Love Story Magazine," "Range Romances" and "Detective Story Magazine." Across the top of her high desk is a line of over 200 modeled figures of cats, with an elephant here and there. On the walls are many artists' drawings in which a cat appears. In her Fifth Avenue apartment, awaiting her return from work each evening, are three real cats—two common ones and a majestic Persian.

Miss Bacon will not permit poison to be put out for mice anywhere in her locality. "If they must die, I do not want to be around where they have to suffer. After all, their lives are precious to them. I do not like to think of a mouse family being broken up by a 'murder' any more than I want kittens to be outcasts."

Miss Bacon was commended by the Humane Society for trying to save a black cat from being killed by a hit-and-run automobile driver in New York City. She saw the cat run down, the car driver speed off. She hurried the injured feline to a veterinarian, but it died. Miss Bacon yet hopes to find that malefactor.

When she lived on her grandfather's farm she was on friendly terms with 38 cats. She has narrowly escaped eviction from various apartments because she wouldn't give up her pets. When she is in Arizona on vacation, she says, "there are always plenty of cats and dogs where I go. They walk with me when I walk, and they sit on my porch when I'm in my cabin. If my friends want to know where I am, they look to see where the cats and dogs seem to be holding a convention."

"There is no possible excuse for any person being unkind to animals," she declared. "We cannot remain indifferent while animals are mistreated. We accept without question the protection of helpless children. Animals are in a somewhat similar category. They are dependent on people for food, kindness, decent care. They respond much as children do to tenderness and consideration. Look at the reaction of any dog or cat or horse."

"We human beings are physically larger and stronger than most animals which come our way today. It is usually the weaker specimens that are kicked or otherwise maltreated. Few cats and dogs can fight back when beaten or abused. We hear of few brutal attacks being made

upon animals able to defend themselves. Bulls and other cattle will use their horns if hurt; horses not cowed by ill usage will bite, kick or charge down the offender. And who dares approach the business end of a mule without making every effort to preserve amity?"

Miss Bacon, tall, slender, with a country-wide reputation as being one of the nation's most perfectly groomed women, is thoroughly feminine but likes to spend her vacations on Western ranches where she may ride horses—she has even ridden a bucking broncho in Arizona—and may study all the animals possible. (She generally walks, though, "because I think some of the trails are too hard on the horses.") In such surroundings, even her closest friends would find it difficult to recognize, in her riding togs, the cool, resourceful editor who has built a number of magazines to national prominence by her own unaided efforts, and at the same time retained her traits of humor and good sense.

Cats and clothes are her hobbies and she has made a wide reputation by her taste in both.

A dog is entitled to the first bite (except in New Jersey and California). He acquires the reputation of being vicious only with the second bite.

WILL JUDY in "Care of the Dog"

## Lonely on the Hills

G. Cardinal Le Gros

*When the hunter walks the hills  
I am one with all he kills.*

*When the woodcocks, bright and small,  
In a burst of feathers fall*

*Down to earth without a cry,  
On the snow with them I lie.*

*When the timid cottontail  
Gazes—cornered on the trail—*

*Helplessly to East and West,  
My heart beats within his breast.*

*I am lonely on the hills  
When the hunter comes and kills.*

## Pa. S. P. C. A. Photo Contest

Prize winners in the salon group of the recent very successful amateur photographic contest conducted by the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia, are: First, \$20, Bruce Howden, Jr., Upper Darby, Pa., for picture of "Champ" and Son, two collies; second, \$10, Hilda Hampfler, Kennett Square, Pa., for child and dog; third, \$5, Harry Weymer, Philadelphia, Pa., for head of a duck. The accompanying picture of the three cats won a \$3 prize in the snapshot group. It is by Mrs. E. Wimley Victor of Philadelphia.



"ON GUARD," PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH IN AMATEUR CONTEST OF PENNSYLVANIA S. P. C. A.

## Solution

Jessie Merle Franklin

*Sometimes when I go walking nights  
Along a dark, still lane,  
I'm sure I want a dog with size  
And prestige, like a Dane.*

*And then I hear somebody boast  
Of his dog's pedigree  
And so I think with changing mind,  
"A dachshund it will be."*

*And still I see another proud  
As he shows off his pet,  
A keen and eager setter, and  
I think, "That's what I'll get."*

*From collie, chow, to Boston bull  
I flit just like a bee,  
And end up keeping some stray pup  
Who comes to live with me!*

## A Seeing-Eye Spaniel

IRMA HEGEL

THE German shepherd dog who has been trained to lead a blind man or woman is a familiar sight in our towns and cities. But I have seen a spaniel who elected himself to be a "seeing eye" for another spaniel, blinded by cataracts, and who plunged into his duties without any training save love for his blinded buddy.

The two spaniels are pets owned by a woman pediatrician in New London, Connecticut. The Doctor was unaware of her dog's growing blindness until one day she noticed the animal drawing his paw over one eye, apparently trying to remove something that was bothering him. Immediately the Doctor took her pet to the best veterinarians in New London and Hartford. Nothing could be done for the animal. It seemed a layer

of skin was growing over both eyes of the dog and the veterinarians felt, even if an operation was attempted, the dog would be unable to maintain the quiet recuperation demanded by a delicate operation of this sort.

Saddened, the Doctor took her pet home and kept him in an enclosure where she felt the little animal would not bump into anything or injure himself. This upset the other spaniel who mourned the loss of his playmate and stood forlornly before the wire imprisoning his companion. When the Doctor returned to the house, the spaniel who could see, wriggled under the wire and helped his pal get out. Then, carefully poking the invalid out of dangers, the seeing spaniel took his blind buddy for a long walk and a romp.

The Doctor watched the scene from her office window and wisely she did not interfere.

The walks continued every day, the blind dog no longer dejected but growing as healthy and frisky as when he was a puppy.

Recently the Doctor saw the blind dog dart after a red ball thrown to his seeing companion. Calling the invalid to her, the Doctor examined the spaniel's eyes. A patch of skin on the left eye was actually rolling back, allowing the dog to distinguish objects through the small opening.

Do cataracts roll away? Will the dog regain his sight without surgery? If a dog can become cured of this type of cataract, cannot new avenues of experimentation be opened for humans? These are the questions several doctors in New London are asking. Who knows? Perhaps the Seeing-Eye spaniel, through his loyalty to a blind buddy, has done a kindness to all mankind.



"JOSEPHINE NAPOLEON"

## "Oh, a Vicious Dog!"

L. E. EUBANKS

NO sensible person denies that there are dangerous animals; also, that exceptional conditions may make even a very docile creature dangerous. But those facts do not justify a person in regarding every four-legged animal as a menace, ready and anxious at all times to attack.

Many persons, submitting to and encouraging such fears, make themselves nervous—often foolish. Further, they sometimes cause unjust condemnation of a really harmless animal. Recently I saw just such an instance.

A blind man, boarding the bus, directed his Seeing-Eye dog to "Find a seat." The dog passed the first three seats on each side (each fully occupied), then turned sharply from the aisle to a seat occupied by a young woman.

Like the rest of us, she had seen the situation; yet she let out a yell, almost jumped through the window, and caused the blind man great embarrassment. Someone in the rear cried, "Oh, a vicious dog!" The driver stopped the bus, excitement reigned for several moments; it seemed that the dog and I were the only calm ones—I was merely disgusted, and the dog was trying to get under the seat, where he had been trained quietly to lie. I gave my seat, across the aisle, to the woman and sat with the blind man until we reached my corner.

That same kind of excitable, unreasonable person gets dogs into court unjustly. A restless child runs into the neighbor's yard, against the neighbor's request to stay out; the big dog there knocks the baby down trying to play with him; then the child's father has the neighbor arrested for having a "vicious" dog. Here, in my home city of Seattle, they frequently let such a dog plead his own case—he comes to the courtroom and lets any who will pet him, wags his tail, and usually proves that he has been falsely accused.

It is safe to assume that an animal deliberately placed where it *could* harm persons will not do so, if the persons do their part. The Seeing-Eye dog is an example; trained to guide his master even in crowds, is it likely that he will be a biting dog? "He looks so mean," complained the woman on the bus. But we don't blame people for the face God gave them; that woman herself looked as though she might "bite" on very slight provocation!

An Associated Press dispatch from Portland, Oregon, states that Jimmie Snook, ten, wrote a prize-winning essay about his dog. His teacher asked him to read it to the class, but Jimmie couldn't make it. The dog was poisoned the night before.

## New Year in Old Russia

Kadra Maysi

*In the land of frost and winter—where the tanks and caissons go  
Like prehistoric monsters such as crawl in bloody snow—*

*There was kept an olden custom. On the morn of New Year's Day,  
From the farms, a horse was chosen and was decked with berries gay.*

*He was led by dancing peasants to the overlord's estate,  
Where the nobleman had ordered that they open door and gate.*

*Through the castle doors he entered, and the charger's hoofbeats rang  
On its floors of gilt and tiling while the peasants laughed and sang.*

*And a quaint procession followed; for each farmer led his beast  
And the women carried poultry on the day of gift and feast.*

*So they gave their New Year greeting—on a morn of long ago—  
In a land where armies battle to the death in bloody snow.*

## None More Noble

CALVIN WALKER

WHEN, as a boy, you had three dogs killed by cars; when, each time, it made you go off behind the house and, lying down, cry yourself to sleep; when you have told all your troubles to their patient ears; have romped and raced with them; when you have shielded them with your small body from, perhaps, a just licking; when you have been concerned over an injured paw, or a wound that does not heal or a habit that is fraught with danger; when you have urged an unwanted meal, or tried to prescribe a nauseous pill or applied an odorous liquid; when you have gone to bed and remained awake over their disappearance, or, rising at gray dawn, crept with fearful thought to assure their return; when, as a boy, you have suffered all this — and more — it takes courage to get one for your own sons.

But I have done it. And, in memory, perhaps, of those three that spanned so much of my childhood, I gave them a collie. And we have named him "Peter," too. How snugly he fits into our little home! How readily he has made our family of two boys, a family of three! Oh, I try to exercise a restraint over him. I worry, with an emotion none of them understands, when they are not all at home. I think of cars rolling a little too swiftly along this tree-dotted

street of ours.

Oh, the man can take it all right. He can, like the oyster's injury, case it with the pearl of forgetfulness. But, if he has reason to remember; if, with the sensitivity of youthful nobility, he has not forgotten; if the past is but yesterday, he will do all he can to spare his son that sorrow.

But he will want him to have a dog; to find in him a comradeship, a loyalty, a devotion that is more vital and enduring than his closest chum; to discover a friend who never "tells," or gets angry, or temperamental; a friend who knows no fatigue, no wavering of fidelity, no hidden malice; a friend who teaches him, out of wordless love, the noblest virtues of all life—the virtues of love, faith and tolerance.

## The President's Dog

JAMES ALBERT DECKER

FALA," President Roosevelt's Scotch terrier, is probably the most famous dog in America today. Fala, also spelled Falla, was present at the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting a few months ago, and his escapades then were published in many newspapers throughout the country. It was reported that he escaped from a ship's officer, who was attempting to keep him out of mischief while the important conference was on, and jumped playfully around the President and Mr. Churchill. That is the sort of dog Fala is; mischievous and light-hearted, though he does at times assume an air of dignity befitting a dog belonging to the Chief Executive of this nation.

Fala, who was presented to the President by a close friend, is short for Murray of Falahill, one of President Roosevelt's rugged Scottish ancestors. The name, therefore, is highly appropriate since Fala's canine ancestors originally came from bonny auld Scotland.

Fala receives only one meal a day, consisting of mixed vegetables and meat, and this is usually served to him by the President, who takes no chances on endangering the dog's health by overfeeding him.

The Scottie gets sufficient exercise,



"MY GALLANT CAVALIER"

Photo by Charles E. James, Framingham, Mass.

too. He takes walks accompanied by either a secret service guard, or the President's colored valet. He also has a special enclosure near the executive offices to which he can retire, as one reporter said, "when the goings inside get too tiresome."

The President during his leisure moments often reads his favorite detective stories with faithful Fala by his side. Between man and dog there is that inseparable bond which exists between many a dog and his master. Fala appears constantly in company with the President, and has traveled quite extensively. He has met many prominent people, but, friendly though he is, he naturally reserves most of his affection for the Roosevelt family, particularly for the President.

## Our Hospital in Springfield

From Editorial in *Evening Union*, Springfield, Mass., Dec. 6, 1941

THE S. P. C. A. Hospital was ten years old Thursday, and thousands in Springfield and vicinity are familiar with the good work it does. The community takes justified pride in the fact that it is one of the most modern, efficient and up-to-date institutions of its kind in the country.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done a magnificent work in the world.

Here in our own city we have, in the S. P. C. A. Hospital, concrete evidence of the modern idea that animals are an important part of God's creation. We are proud of it, proud to support it.

## Deer

Willa Hoey

*Shy beasts that seek sweet pastures fresh  
and new,  
When ferns are richly clad a russet hue;  
Embodiment of grace, and yet they start—  
A falling leaf with terror fills their heart;  
Their pleading eyes look up in pain and  
fear.  
I wonder how a man could shoot a deer.*

## Wildlife in Captivity

F. J. WORRALL

**T**HERE is no more fascinating story in our world today than that of wildlife in its natural environment. Although Nature is constantly changing and adapting her millions of creatures to their respective places, an amazing balance has always been kept. This has been true for centuries.

Left alone, a jungle or forest will remain the same as far as wildlife is concerned. Continual war on each other prevents a predominance of type. It is only when man steps into the scene that the natural balance is upset and confusion ensues.

Among themselves, one creature preys upon the other and at all times each one must use its wits but Nature has endowed each one with weapons of defense or offense which are used to the best possible advantage.

Some of the weaker animals have safety in slender legs that can gallop faster than their pursuers; others have stings, horns, offensive secretions in their bodies or electric shocks with which to combat enemies. Others, by means of protective camouflage, warn others of approaching danger.

Thus, the stick insect resembles the twigs of a tree on which it carves semi-circles in the leaves with its powerful jaws until its appetite is appeased. Thus also does the hedgehog curl into a prickly ball and the porcupine erect its deadly spines. The camel lives in the desert where there is little food or water, so in times of plenty its humps store fat to be reservoirs of nourishment for lean days. The water laid in at the oasis lasts for the long arid journey ahead. When flying beneath a blazing sun, the eagle drops a translucent sheath over its eyes. The owl is made to see at night.

These are only a few of the interesting habits that show discernment and power of adjustment among the creatures that love to roam at will under God's sun and stars. Since Nature has devised the proper environment for every creature, it should be allowed to remain where it is best equipped to follow the Creator's plan, and not man's caprice.

## Wildlife Refuges Pay Dividends

SIGMUND SAMETH

**F**IGURES gleaned from the United States Yearbook show that today there are 247 wildlife refuges in this country, embracing 13,635,365 acres of land. What an imposing record of government conservation effort in four short years! And the cost to the taxpayers is almost negligible, for wildlife

trialist, wildlife is given a helping hand by Uncle Sam. The refuges restore a suitable environment in which birds and animals live and reproduce naturally to delight all of us who love the great outdoors and the creatures who populate it.

One of the most colorful of the refuges is outside the city of Savannah, Ga., on a site which was a great rice plantation in the days before the Civil War. Using the same system of irrigation drains and ditches the Fish and Wildlife Service has turned the fertile rice land towards other crops as well. Over a dozen seed plants are now growing and furnishing food for migratory birds. After the initial seeding little attention is necessary on the refuge. New plants volunteer the next year. And that's the way things are on a wildlife refuge. Uncle Sam is letting Nature take her course.

## Brazil Protects Butterflies

JULIA EVA FREEMAN

**O**NLY one nation extends the protection of its laws to shield a butterfly. That nation is our great South American neighbor, Brazil.

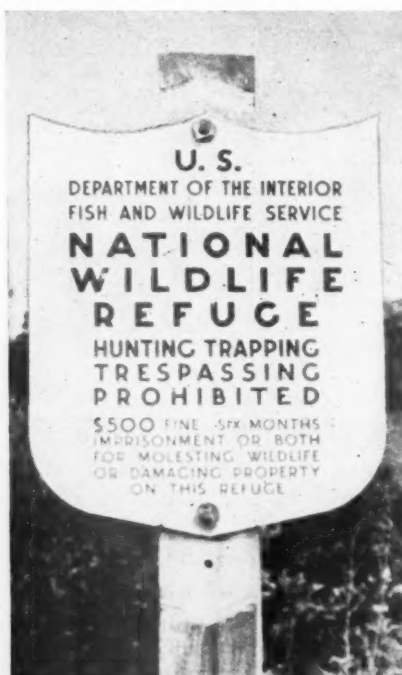
A few years ago, the magnificent Morphos butterfly was threatened with extermination at the hands of commercial interests. Some one had discovered that its beautiful blue-green, iridescent wings, arranged under glass, could be made into pictures and jewelry that found a ready sale to tourists seeking novel souvenirs.

Immediately the chase began. Butterfly hunters pursued the gorgeous insects as ruthlessly as though they were dangerous beasts of prey instead of one of God's masterpieces.

The hunters ranged the forests of the Amazon, capturing the insects by thousands, maiming and crippling other thousands. As a result of this wholesale slaughter butterflies were becoming alarmingly scarce. Then the government intervened and passed a law protecting them. Now they are becoming more plentiful, and the nature lover and conservationist will again see the glint of their gorgeous wings among the forest glades.

All honor to the solons of Brazil, who have been big enough to extend the protection of her laws to one of the most helpless of her citizens. They have established a precedent which it is hoped that other nations will adopt.

Join the Jack London Club, which now has 812,250 members. Write to 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, for particulars.



refuges by their very nature require no more upkeep than a periodic policing.

I visited one of the new refuges set up under authority of the Pittman-Robertson Act of September 2, 1937. A graveled road led to the administration building. Inside I met the officer in charge of the refuge, a graduate of two universities and a senior biologist for the Fish and Wildlife Service. He greeted me cordially, for visitors to a wildlife refuge are always welcome, provided they leave their guns behind.

"Isn't your wildlife refuge, with its thousands of migratory waterfowl, easy pickings for poachers?" I asked. The refuge is several miles across and I had visions of unethical local hunters making use of parts of it as a shooting preserve.

The biologist smiled, "No, the poachers are easy pickings for us. We caught one just the other day."

Wildlife refuges are just beginning to show their benefits. They are checking depletion of our country's fish and game, a valued resource. With natural food and cover diminishing as land is appropriated by the farmer and indus-

## Neighbors in the Snow

Margaret Hosmer

*In the chilly flutter  
Of the flying snow  
Little white-coat rabbits  
Almost unseen go.*

*Wild bees in their hollow,  
Wood mouse in its bed,  
Dream of coming summer  
When the cold has fled.*

*Squirrels in their nest-holes,  
Deep the sleep they know  
In the silver silence  
Of the falling snow.*

## Animals on Highways

In one respect long automobile trips today are not pleasant. The highways are littered with dead animals and birds, including skunks, cats, chickens, and occasionally a dog.

Most motorists are humane, and instinctively seek to avoid hitting a furred or feathered "pedestrian." But a few of them are coldly careless, and sometimes an animal cannot be saved without peril to humans. So the animal casualties mount.

Perhaps not much can be done about it. But motorists can be a little more cautious, and householders might make a greater effort to keep pets off the road.

—Worcester Telegram

Audubon, according to his own records, sold 165 complete sets of the original edition of the "Birds of America" — 83 in England, Scotland and France, and 82 in the United States. Ninety of the existing sets are now in the great libraries and museums of the world while about thirty are privately owned. The work is now worth \$6,000 or more a set. The regular price of the original set was \$1,000 each. The King of England and the King of France each purchased a set at the regular price.

## Sleeping Through the Winter

HENRY NICHOLAS

THERE are animals who can sleep undisturbed through the long winter months. This is one of the great mysteries of life. The scientist, as much as the layman, is puzzled over this strange phenomenon. Here, it would seem, is a miracle which nature has provided for the preservation of those species which would otherwise perish.

Those animals who have learned how to obtain food during the winter do not hibernate. Perhaps, in some long distant age they were also able to sleep during those months when the earth was covered with snow and ice. But once having learned how to obtain food they lost the ability to enter that state of unconsciousness where food was no longer required.

It is as if nature, willing and ready to protect her animals as long as they are ignorant and helpless, decides that whenever any species has learned how to exist by its own efforts then it must exercise and develop this precious knowledge or perish.

Squirrels store up food during the seasons when it is plentiful to be drawn upon during the winter. Bees live on the honey they have created from the flowers of the spring and summer. Birds migrate to sections where food is still plentiful. Some of these migrations are mighty journeys over trackless wastes. The Arctic tern travels from near the North Pole to near the South Pole, a journey of about 11,000 miles.

But there are other animals which cannot fly and which have never learned how to store away a supply of food. These animals exist during the winter months by what is called hibernation — a strange and dreamless sleep so deep and motionless that life itself seems to be suspended. No baby ever slept as soundly as do these hibernating animals.

Some strange instinct seems to warn these animals of the approach of winter.

When this mysterious message comes to them they begin to prepare for their winter sleep, sometimes as soon as the first days of autumn arrive.

When bears get ready to hibernate they usually choose a cave or a deep hole at the base of an old tree. Snakes, like the copperhead or rattlesnake, usually select hollow logs or a space under a fallen tree. Frogs bury themselves for their winter sleep in the mud beneath the water.

The soundness of the sleep of these hibernating animals seems almost unbelievable. A dormouse, once it has curled up in a hard little ball for its winter sleep, can be rolled across the floor without being aroused from its deep slumber. A hibernating bat was submerged in a bucket of water for an hour, and when taken out was still sleeping peacefully. Alligators have been seen in Florida, that had been swept out of their sleeping quarters by a river flood, floating like logs downstream towards the ocean, still sound asleep.

Of all hibernating animals the bat is the strangest in the manner in which it takes its winter sleep. While most other animals lie down and curl up in a comfortable position, the bat sleeps while it hangs head down. It sleeps in this position during the winter months, not moving except when it sways with a strong wind, until the first early days of spring arrive.

City visitor: Which is correct, "A hen is sitting," or "a hen is setting?"

Farmer: I don't know and I don't care. All I bother about is when she cackles — is she laying or is she lying?

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.



GROUP OF TOGGENBURG DOES AT STEVENS GOAT DAIRY, DELAVAN, WISCONSIN

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1942

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

### Dehorning Cattle

WE wish every farmer in the land could read what we are writing. It would, so far as farmers are humane and wise, save a vast amount of suffering and no little money. Leaving out of the account the whole question of cruelty in the dehorning process and the reasons assigned for depriving the cattle of these weapons of attack and defense, admitting the greater docility of the individual animal and the herd when hornless, why wait till dehorning must be done by methods that cause pain and involve expense?

In Ireland for a long time the requirement has been enforced, if we remember rightly, by law, that the growth of the horn be stopped in the calf. This is the simple operation: Take the calf at any time under two weeks of age, better under one week, moisten the slight bunches on the head where the horns are to grow with a little water, then rub these spots with a pencil of nitrate of silver, not breaking the skin but just irritating it till it becomes red. The calf will scarcely mind the sensation, though it may shake its head occasionally for a few minutes. It will never develop any horns.

We have tried this experiment personally on a large number of calves, seen them drink immediately after it as if nothing had happened and watched them grow up hornless cattle. Anyone who has witnessed the dehorning of mature animals cannot imagine a farmer or a dairyman ever permitting his young stock to be neglected till it becomes necessary to subject them to such an ordeal, when at no expense and in so painless a way the development of the horn may be stopped at its very beginning.

### Dr. FRANCIS HAROLD ROWLEY

DISTINGUISHED HUMANITARIAN,  
LONG PRESIDENT OF MASS.  
SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF  
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

ASSUMED LEADERSHIP OF  
MSPCA AFTER FILLING BAPTIST  
PASTORATES IN SEVERAL CITIES  
AND A DECADE AS PASTOR OF  
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,  
BOSTON. ALSO PRES., AM. HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY, AUTHOR OF NUMEROUS  
BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.



### Dr. Rowley Featured

AN interesting series of pen and ink sketches entitled "Strictly Personal," featuring the leaders in the business, industrial and professional life of New England, is presented daily in the *Boston News Bureau*.

Several weeks ago, Dr. Francis H. Rowley was selected by the *News Bureau* for the subject of one of the features, and above is reprinted the sketch by the staff artist, Ralph Heard, which appeared in the oldest financial daily newspaper in America.

### Prizes for Humane Traps

THE American Humane Association announces the opening of its fifteenth annual humane trap contest. Prizes to the value of \$550 are offered for three

groups as follows: (1) Traps for taking animals alive and unhurt; (2) Leghold type (traps that hold without injury); (3) Traps that kill humanely.

A special prize of \$50, donated by General Charles McC. Reeve, will be awarded at the discretion of the judges. Special state awards, in addition to the regular awards, are offered for entries from

Illinois, Massachusetts and Wisconsin.

The contests are conducted for the purpose of stimulating an interest in the invention, development, production and use of humane devices and methods for taking animals, when it becomes necessary to do so.

The contest closes April 30, 1942. Anyone is eligible to compete.

For entry forms or further information, write the Wildlife Department, American Humane Association, 135 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y.

### Ship's Mascot Breaks Paw

ANXIOUS to set foot for the first time on United States soil the Eskimo husky dog, mascot on one of Uncle Sam's warships returned to Boston from patrol duty in Arctic waters, leaped over the ship's rail to the dock and fractured

his left paw. He was taken to the Angell Animal Hospital where officers of the ship told how the dog, who prefers to stay on deck in calm or rough weather, won the affection of all on board the warship and enjoyed frolicking with the officers and crew without regard to their rank.

Officers from the ship called at the Angell Hospital to visit their mascot and to bring him his favorite desserts made by the ship's cook.

The puppy, now five months old, was born in Sandodden, Greenland, and was promptly named "Sandy" by the crew.



"SANDY," MASCOT OF UNITED STATES WARSHIP, AT ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street  
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road  
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue  
Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville  
Wenham, Cherry Street

**NOVEMBER REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.**

Miles traveled by humane officers...	15,867
Cases investigated .....	294
Animals examined .....	7,918
Animals placed in homes .....	281
Lost animals restored to owners..	70
Number of prosecutions .....	5
Number of convictions .....	5
Horses taken from work .....	12
Horses humanely put to sleep .....	73
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,901
Horse auctions attended .....	12
<b>Stockyards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals inspected .....	57,817
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep .....	47

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#### Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355  
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

#### Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

#### At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital .....	846
Cases entered in Dispensary .....	2,098
Operations .....	413

#### At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital .....	189
Cases entered in Dispensary .....	752
Operations .....	86

#### At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered .....	82
---------------------	----

#### Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 .....	201,011
Dispensary cases .....	508,307
Total .....	709,318

### Caged Bird Exhibition

The Massachusetts Caged Bird Association Silver Jubilee show was held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, November 29 and 30. More than 750 birds, all brilliantly colorful, were shown, and a large number of prizes were awarded by the judges. The Massachusetts S.P.C.A. was a beneficiary of the proceeds.

One of the most interesting birds on exhibition was the Arctic snowy owl which had been found exhausted in Wal-tham and brought to the Angell Memorial Hospital. Through the courtesy of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. and the Massachusetts Fish and Game Division this unusual bird was seen by the bird show patrons before it was liberated.

### Branches and Auxiliaries

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Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—Mrs. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

### Veterinary Column

1. Question: For the last several years my Irish setter dog has had trouble with his ears. Periodically they become irritated and filled with a dark, foul-smelling, substance. The dog shakes his head considerably and keeps pawing at his ears. I have taken him to four different veterinarians and have been given as many treatments, all equally unsuccessful. Can anything be done to correct this trouble?

Answer: Your faith in veterinarians is probably somewhat shaken at this point. However, this condition affecting your dog is one that is a problem to all veterinarians. Whether or not the condition can be corrected medically cannot be definitely said. There is an operation that is usually successful in the hands of a veterinarian who is quite familiar with the technique. If you wish you could bring your dog to our hospital for advice.

2. Question: We are contemplating moving to a new home. How can we be reasonably assured that our cat will not stray away from its new home?

Answer: If the cat is a pet cat and is used to staying in the house a lot and petted considerably, you should have no trouble if he is kept shut in the new home for a week or so. After that time you may let the animal out for short periods and call him into the house frequently. If the cat is one that is not a house pet, and is usually out most of the time, you may encounter some difficulty in holding him in his new environment.

3. Question: Our cat, a female four months old, frequently licks the floors and rugs around the house; and while outdoors she licks the cement and even dirt. Why should she do this?

Answer: Such actions as you describe are usually due to some dietary disturbance in young animals. It is probably a mineral deficiency and for correction you should consult your veterinarian.

4. Question: Our children received a cocker spaniel puppy for Christmas. Will you please advise us how to raise this puppy, as we have never had this experience.

Answer: Such a question deserves a lengthy answer which space prohibits in this column. An excellent book on this subject is available at nearly all bookstores. Its title is "How to Raise a Dog in the City and Suburbs" by Dr. James Kinney, the veterinarian in charge of the Speyer Hospital in New York City. It is published by Simon and Schuster. This book covers every phase of raising a dog and is written in a very interesting and humorous style.

L. H. S., Veterinary Dept.,  
Angell Animal Hospital



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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#### Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1941

Number of Pands of Mercy formed, 599  
Number of addresses made 186  
Number of persons in audiences, 41,124

### Fund for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 120 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

### Mme. von Corbelar's Work in Hungary

READERS of *Our Dumb Animals* have known for a long time of the devoted, self-sacrificing work of Mme. Camilla von Corbelar who, alone and single-handed, has been fighting a hard battle in the interests of unfortunate animals in Hungary.

Recently a woman who had been her assistant was found to be wholly unworthy of the position, and has circulated reports tending to damage seriously Mme. von Corbelar's work and malign her character. We have just received from Dr. Burger Bela of Szeged, Hungary, the following letter:

"We lawyers of the Szeged Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, therewith declare and witness that Mrs. Magdalena Plesko, late ward of the Animals' Shelter, who has been dismissed for many crimes, for neglect and cruelty to animals trusted to her care, and insolence to the president, is accused by the public prosecutor under number Ku. 14421/1941, for forging, cheating and fraudulently. She also will be denounced for calumny committed out of revenge against our president, Mme. Camilla von Corbelar. We follow our president's suit for a certificate declaring her independence from any Society as Humane Worker and your trustee."

This letter has been sent us to set at rest the minds of all in this country who have generously helped Mme. von Corbelar in her work. It was feared that this woman, discharged from Mme. von Corbelar's Society, might write American contributors trying to persuade them no longer to continue to maintain the Shelter and its work in Hungary.

### Report from Bible Lands

Our representative in humane education work in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan, Mr. N. B. Matta, writes us his report for May which did not reach us until the first of December.

He says, "Many of our friends everywhere in this country wandered through the villages and towns and took care of the stray horses and mules and turned them over to the British forces. And what pleased me much is the information of our friends that the British soldiers who cared for animals during the time of war were most considerate and kind."

"Reports from the teachers are coming in at the end of every month and some of them are excellent."

"I and two of my friends made a preaching tour through Palestine, Syria and Lebanon. Some three thousand people heard the gospel of human kindness. Six Bands of Mercy were organized in summer schools."

"Animals taken care of here and in Palestine were 27 dogs, 20 donkeys, 16 horses, 16 mules, 8 cats, 4 rabbits and 1 pig. Animals humanely put to sleep: 6 horses, 4 mules, and 13 dogs. Lost animals restored to their owners: 7 horses, 7 cows and 2 donkeys."

"There is great poverty here among the people, especially among the farmers, due to the very high price of all grain."

This certainly is fine work that is being done by these devoted representatives of our American Humane Education Society in the Far East.

### Humane Thought for Parents

HENRY H. GRAHAM

WE who love animals and have their welfare at heart agree that children should be taught, as early in life as possible, to admire and protect dumb creatures of all kinds. Even before a child is old enough to have a flesh and blood puppy or kitten it is a good idea to present him with a toy pet, such as a dog, cat or teddy bear. A stuffed bear made of cloth has started many a youngster on the road to a lifetime of love for animals, thus enriching his own life and giving animals a happier existence, too.

Some years ago I knew a little boy who was given a toy bear. He worshipped the creature, taking it to bed at night with him. About the same time he was given a toy dog. He worshipped the dog, too. Before long he began to notice live animals and to play with them and treat them kindly. Often I saw him carry a hungry and abandoned cat to his back door, saying, "Mumsy, can I give this poor fellow some bread and milk?" His mother was kind to animals, too. Not only did she feed the stray animal all he could hold but she went farther than that. She and the little boy provided a home for the homeless wanderer until a permanent abiding place could be found.

Jimmy, the boy who grew up loving animals and birds, turned out to be a fine young man, as is usually the case with a youngster who develops a liking for furred and feathered creatures. The boy who dislikes animals is to be pitied, for it is clear that there is something wrong with him. There is usually something radically wrong with the training of such children.

How much better it is to give a child a toy bear or puppy to love and admire than to give him a toy soldier, army tank or bombing plane!

Humane Sunday, April 19; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25, 1942.

Remember the free illustrated lecture by Thornton W. Burgess on "My Little Neighbors in Fur and Feathers," with colored motion pictures, in the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, at 3:30 P. M., April 19, 1942.

## Humane Calendar for 1942

**L**AST year many persons were disappointed not to be able to secure a copy of the Humane Calendar because the limited edition had been entirely sold out.

NOW is the time to send for the new Calendar for 1942 in order to be sure of receiving it. After the present supply is exhausted no more copies will be available. Those who have seen it are enthusiastic in their praise of its remarkable colored picture, 7½x10 inches, showing George Washington, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, mounted on splendid horses, riding away from Mount Vernon to attend the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia. It is a scene of great historical importance. With an attractive pad, 2½ x 4½ inches, the cardboard measures 21 x 15 inches, and will be mailed flat.

Prices: 20 cents each; two for 35 cents; three for 50 cents; 12 for \$1.75; postpaid, when sent to the same address. If sent separately, regardless of the number, the price is 20 cents each.

Address, Secretary, AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## More Work in Tacoma

Mrs. Florida L. Byrne, whose humane educational work in Tacoma, Washington, was reviewed in our December number, visited 17 more public and parochial schools during the month of November. Schools in that city have been closed because of a strike of janitors there, but as soon as they re-open Mrs. Byrne plans an extensive campaign in the East End where humane education is greatly needed. The editors of the *East Side Review* are offering hearty co-operation, and the fight against cruelty will be carried on in the press, in churches and in clubs of the district. During the present school year Mrs. Byrne hopes to devote her time to work among the kindergartens, primary grades and special classes. She is distributing quantities of humane literature in schools and through Parent-Teacher Associations.

## American Fondouk, Fez

Report for September, 1941

Daily average large animals	19.9
Animals put to sleep	3
Entries: 10 horses, 21 mules, 70 donkeys.	
Exits: 5 horses, 17 mules, 59 donkeys.	
Outpatients: 190 horses, 124 mules, 207 donkeys, 12 dogs, 1 gazelle.	
Fondouks visited	484
Animals inspected	10,761
Animals treated	747
Animals sent to Hospital	206
Pack-saddles (infected) destroyed	4
Arab bits destroyed	7
Animals sent by Police Dept.	15
Animals transported to Hospital	2
The amount of our expenses for September is \$106.80.	

G. DELON, Superintendent

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

## Annual Humane Poster Contest

Open to Pupils in Public and Parochial Schools in Massachusetts

**D**ESPITE the scarcity of metal, because of its demand for use in defense work, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been able to secure new and very attractive bronze medals to be used as prizes in its annual state-wide Humane Poster Contest. As in previous years, the Contest will be open to pupils in grammar grades above the third, and in junior high and high schools—both public and parochial.

Medals with blue ribbon will be awarded as first prizes; medals with red ribbon as second prizes; and annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* for honorable mentions. Prizes will be distributed liberally in all competing schools. Last season 8,391 posters were entered by pupils from 545 schools, in 176 cities and towns, and 1,228 first awards were made, 1,345 second, and 1,571 honorable mentions.

Through the courtesy of JORDAN MARSH COMPANY, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, many of the prize-winning posters will be on display in that store during Be Kind to Animals Week. We hope to be able to exhibit at least 500 of the outstanding posters there. The room in which the exhibit will be held will be announced later.

The Contest will close positively on March 28, 1942. Results will be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25.

### THE FOLLOWING RULES ARE IMPORTANT:

1. No more than five posters may be submitted from one room and one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection. Schools and, so far as possible, grades, will be judged independently of each other, with, however, a certain standard being kept in mind.

2. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, or pictures) silhouette, water colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

3. Drawings, on light cardboard or heavy paper, should be not less than 12 x 18 inches, nor more than 18 x 24 inches, and should be shipped flat (never rolled), all charges prepaid, to reach the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. not later than March 28, 1942.

4. NOTE CAREFULLY: In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written legibly, the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, (be sure to give street and number), also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of teacher. Use white ink, or paste

a white slip with name and address when dark cardboard or paper is used.

5. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned only if request is made at time of sending and return postage enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

6. ADDRESS ALL POSTERS PLAINLY, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, to SECRETARY, MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., 180 LONGWOOD AVENUE, BOSTON, to reach this office by March 28, 1942, at the latest.

Education that stresses inherent good qualities in every child is more interesting to me than the culture of plants. Entirely without biological comparison, the child as well as the plant has desirable tendencies and qualities — those of the child to be nurtured into an active appreciation of good.

LUTHER BURBANK

More than seven million hunters purchase licenses from the states and pay fees of approximately \$13,000,000 a year for the privilege of hunting, according to the Department of the Interior, Washington. A vast sum also is spent annually by hunters and sportsmen for firearms, ammunition, guide service, boats, clothing and subsistence.

When Philip Neri, Italian churchman of the sixteenth century, moved to Vallicella, he left a cat at S. Girolamo, and for six successive years sent some of his people every day to look after her and to buy meat at the butcher's for her.

## Humane Films

### For Rent or Sale

For these "proven" subjects in silent pictures—

### THE BELL OF ATRI

illustrating Longfellow's poem

and

### IN BEHALF OF ANIMALS

showing the practical work of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the Angell Animal Hospital.

Address

Secretary, 180 Longwood Ave.  
Boston

## No Speed Limit

LAURA ALICE BOYD

**E**ACH autumn as the birds wing their way southward we marvel at the instinct that guides them on their journey and speculate as to how fast they fly.

Hunters tell "tall tales" about the speed of the duck that got away, and there is some ground for their stories when we know that canvas-backs and teal are known to fly at 50 to 55 miles an hour. A pheasant's best speed has been ascertained to be 40 miles an hour while a partridge travels at about 25 miles an hour.

Birds of prey, such as eagles and hawks, have great flying speed but not for sustained flights over long distances. They are able to stoop down upon their victims with sudden bursts of speed which in the case of the duck hawk, one of the world's fastest birds, has been timed at between 160 and 180 miles an hour. The eagle has been estimated as stooping at the rate of 120 miles, though it does not fly straightaway at that speed.

More data has been obtained on the speed of homing pigeons than almost any other birds, and so many romantic stories have been told about their prowess in flight that the general public credits them with greater speed than facts warrant. As a result of the many races held among homing pigeons it has been proved that their best speed is not more than a mile a minute. Pigeons can rise almost vertically and attain their maximum speed quickly.

The hummingbird, however, has real pickup. High speed cameras have shown that he flies from a standing start at 45 miles an hour, which means that his wings vibrate at the rate of 55-75 beats a second. Perhaps the fastest fliers of all the birds are, as their name suggests, the swifts. So streamlined are these birds that even their nostrils point backwards. An Asiatic species has been estimated to fly at the rate of possibly 220 miles an hour.

Such excessive speed for such small creatures would be incredible were it not for the fact that they are built for speed and the breast muscles of a bird are 100 times more powerful, relatively, than those of a man.

"It is only 100 days from New Year's Day to the bluebird," said the Old Farmer's Almanac in 1876.

Purple martins make good neighbors. They are insect-eating, tuneful, and friendly. An elaborate martin house is not necessary to attract them. An old gourd suspended in a suitable place has been known to attract the same faithful pair season after season.

## Canada Jays Come South

W. J. BANKS

**B**IRD lovers in the districts along the United States-Canadian border from the Great Lakes eastward will be on the lookout this season for that bold whistler of the north, the Canada jay. Commonly known in the northern forests and Rockies as whisky jacks, moose birds or camp robbers, these birds commonly remain the year round in their usual haunts. This season, however, a rare southern migration of Canada jays has taken place. Seldom seen south of the Ottawa River, specimens were spotted in the fall months as far south as Toronto and other points on the Great Lakes or near the American border.

Just why some Canada jays move southward at long intervals, and whether or not the wanderers return to their northern homes in the spring, no one seems to know. From the observations of many amateur bird lovers the Department of Mines and Resources at Ottawa hopes to ascertain this year something of the extent of the migration and possibly an inkling of its relation to other occurrences in the world of nature.

The bold "whisky jacks" are about the size of robins, with a soft, fluffy plumage that is chiefly neutral gray. The throat and breast are white, with varying amounts of dark feathers around the eyes and head. The harsh cries and clear, short whistle of the Canada jay are familiar to all travelers in the northern mountains and woodlands. Their fearlessness makes them common visitors at camp and often they raid the frying pan or dish when the camper is not looking, or learn to accept food from the hand of those who take the trouble to coax them a little. They breed as far north as the forests go, and how they keep the eggs warm in the nests, made as early as March, is a mystery.



WHILE THE CANADA JAY GLARED, THE CAMERA CLICKED

## Photographing the Canada Jay

MYRON M. TEEGARDEN

See accompanying picture

**O**NE afternoon in October, while picnicking in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountain National Park, we noticed a number of large gray birds which we call "camp robbers," darting around through the trees. These birds were apparently very hungry, as they would continually swoop toward the table upon which we had prepared our lunch.

Thinking that perhaps I could photograph one of them by luring them with food, I focused my camera on a spot on a rock, placed a piece of bread upon the spot, and sat down to wait patiently for one of the "robbers" to pounce upon the bait.

I waited for perhaps two hours before any of them would come near enough to grab the bread and then they would leave so quickly that I could not click the shutter. However, one more bold than the rest, finally came and lit right on the spot, and faced me with an expression as much as to say, "I dare you to take it away." While he glared, the camera clicked. But, by this time a considerable number of the birds had become interested in the prospect of obtaining food, and I was able to snap another one as he picked up his morsel of bread and left. Although I spent about three hours' time getting these photographs, I enjoyed every minute of it and later on will go back and try to get some better ones.

Birds do not always give up to die when a wing is broken. They are often able to set their own bones by placing their wings in a position for the bones to knit while the bird sits quietly waiting for the process to complete itself. The mate feeds the wounded bird during its trial.

## Winter Guests

Mary Wilder Pease

There are birds that in the fall,  
When the winds give hint of cold  
And the wild geese honk and call  
Far above the streams and wold,  
Who forbear to make reply  
When their kinsfolk southward fly.

Saucy Jay and Chickadee  
Greet me from the elm tree bare,  
And they seem to say to me,  
"Have you any crumbs to spare?  
We can live the whole long day  
On the scraps you throw away.

"We're your winter guests, you know;  
Feed us when there's ice and snow."

## Putting Birds on the Map

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

SOME of our first settlers must have had a genuine liking for birds. They named a few American towns after our feathered friends.

The eagle, national emblem of the United States almost since the republic's beginning, leads all the rest of the birds in the matter of place names. A trio of examples is supplied by Eagle Rock in California, Eagle Grove in Iowa and Eagle Pass in Texas.

There is a Kingfisher in Oklahoma and a Goose Creek in Texas. There is a Blackduck in Minnesota and a Black Hawk in South Dakota.

Pennsylvania has a Birdsboro and California a Crow's Landing and a Bird's Landing—which have all the ear marks of airports for our feathered friends. Even Minnesota's Red Wing can be included among the nation's bird towns.

A couple of mythical birds also have their place on the map. Georgia has a Griffin, while Arizona and Illinois can both claim a Phoenix as a reminder of the legendary bird that supposedly rose from its own ashes every five hundred years.

By way of variety, there is a Swan Lake in the Nevada desert country, a Goose Lake in California, and an Eagle Crag in New Mexico.

New Jersey has its own tribute. It is the town of Audubon, namesake of the great naturalist and painter of the birds of America—the finest publicity agent the birds had in the early days of our nation.

Beetles are undoubtedly the strongest living creatures considering their size. Some of the miniature six-legged giants are capable of carrying 850 times their own weight. Compared with man this means that if man were as proportionately powerful he could lift more than 70 tons.

## Our National Bird

LEWIS J. MERWIN

AT no time in our long and colorful history as a nation has the real significance of our selection of the American or bald eagle been so forcibly brought home to us as at present in the midst of our nation-wide program to arm for defense.

Fierce and defiant and a master of the air, he is a fitting symbol of our national effort to achieve air supremacy that the American democratic way of life may be preserved and perpetuated. Yet, before his adoption as the national emblem by an Act of Congress, there ensued considerable controversy. Even so eminent an American as Benjamin Franklin protested against the selection of the eagle as a national emblem, on the ground that the bird, though regal and impressive, ate fish and even robbed the hard-working fish hawk of its catch.

Curiously enough it is his taste for fish which has brought the eagle into disrepute. While he is protected in all of the forty-eight states the Territorial



YOUNG AMERICAN OR BALD EAGLE,  
SYMBOL OF AMERICA

Government of Alaska put a price of one dollar on him because he preys upon the salmon during their annual spring runs up the great Alaskan rivers.

## Trumpeter Swan in Danger

LAURA ALICE BOYD

THE trumpeter swan, which has been increasing in numbers, is again endangered because of the plans of the U. S. Army to establish an artillery range where the bird has responded to the efforts of conservation officials.

This bird has been officially designated as the largest migratory waterfowl in North America but it no longer makes the long flights from its former breeding grounds within the Arctic Circle to the warm coast of Texas. Once an abundant bird, the numbers dwindled until the species was reported extinct during the early part of this century. Then a few birds were discovered in the region of Yellowstone Park, and efforts were made to restore the species.

The success which has attended this work may be judged by a recent report sent to the Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, by a joint committee of the Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service which has been working on this project. This report states that at the present time there are at least 211 of these huge birds at the Red Rock Lakes National Wildlife Ref-

uge in Montana and at Yellowstone National Park. Last year the count showed 190 birds which marked a distinct increase from the 33 birds reported in 1934, when systematic counts were begun.

The trumpeter is a very large bird with a wing spread of seven feet, ten inches. It is somewhat quarrelsome and a fearless fighter when aroused. When hatched the cygnets are covered with a sooty-gray down which soon changes to feathers of the same color. These are gradually replaced by white feathers but the change often requires a year's time. The bill is entirely black. Vegetable matter forms the main article of diet. Seeds and roots of aquatic plants are easily obtained because the long neck enables the bird to reach food at the bottom of streams and shallow pools without diving into the water.

Swans are ancient birds. Aristotle says of them in his "Historia Animalium," "Swans are web-footed and live near pools and marshes; they find their food with ease, are good tempered, are fond of their young and live to a green old age." Legend says that Richard Coeur de Lion introduced these birds to Britain when he returned from wars on the continent.

## The Donkey's Serenade

Leslie Clare Manchester

"I call to you across the meres,  
O Lady of the Slender Ears!  
I sing to you of common things,  
The clod, the bloom, the lilt of wings:  
Haw, he-haw, he-haw!  
The gay fire-flies with golden maw  
A glory from the darkness draw,  
A constellation—haw, he-haw!"

"You listen and your round eyes shine;  
You harken to this theme of mine!  
Once more I tell of what I see  
Perched on a branch of a tall old tree:  
Haw, he-haw, he-haw!  
An owl there is with speckled crow  
Against a full moon pale as straw,  
A horned-owl dreaming—haw, he-haw!"

## Nest Made of Watch Springs

**B**IRDS make their nests out of many different materials, but a bird at Soleure in Switzerland made use of an unusual substance to construct its home, says an Exchange. Settling in a neighborhood in which a number of watchmakers had their shops, the bird constructed a nest from cast off or broken watch springs which were lying about in near-by yards. A watchmaker discovered the completed nest and found it to be made entirely of watch springs and less than one-half of an inch wide. When the brood had been raised the nest was taken down and placed in the local museum as a striking example of the ingenuity of birds.

The honeybee has eleven kinds of tools on its legs. These include different kinds of rakes, brushes, combs, spurs, presses, and baskets, each designed for a special useful purpose in the busy life of the bee.

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good. EMERSON

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, who solicits correspondence thereto.

## Britain's Police Horses

E. R. YARHAM

Photograph by Jas. R. Parker

**T**HE horse is probably the most timid of all animals. Frightened horses may charge straight into a stone wall as if it were not there. Or, at the other extreme, a terrified horse may become absolutely stiff and motionless.

Yet among the greatest heroes of the heavy air raids on Britain's cities have been the horse allies of the police, to whom Mr. Churchill paid a tribute a short time back. Probably the most astonishing thing is that London's 250 or so police horses went through the worst raids on the capital and not a single one was hurt.

What is more, they became absolutely used to the noise of falling bombs and the terrific crescendo of the anti-aircraft barrage, paying little more attention to them than to the cheering of crowds and the noise which accompanies the pageantry of peace-time processions.

England's police horses are the most remarkable example of what can be done by kindness and by engendering trust in the animals for their masters. Their amazing control over their emotions and fears is only made possible by patience and careful training. The success at-

tained is the more remarkable when one remembers that the animals chosen are not of the stolid cart-horse type, but among the finest breeds obtainable, very highly strung from birth. Only these horses possess the degree of intelligence essential.

There are training schools in London and the Provinces staffed by men who have had long experience in handling horses. All the mounted policemen have been through the ranks as ordinary constables before they are drafted to the training schools, and the most of them have considerable knowledge of a horse's temperament. The ideal aimed at is to give the man his horse and as far as possible to ensure that he keeps that mount afterwards when on active service.

In this way the man gets to know the peculiarities of his horse's character and exactly what it will do, while the animal learns every intonation of his master's voice. The team-work between the two is soon of the closest—the horse reacts to the slightest pressure of the knee, a movement of the hand so slight as to be unnoticeable to the onlookers in a crowd, or a whispered word. The constable grooms his own horse, and the men's pride in their mounts is great.

Before a horse is allowed to go on the streets, particularly these days, it is put through tests of extreme stiffness. Lately the horses have been taught to ignore the sound of gunfire and bursting bombs, and it is found that the best way to train the young and high-spirited horses is to have older, fully-trained and more staid ones with them. So when the noise of firing, pistol shots, heavy bangs, and so on suddenly interrupt the silence, the trained horses merely flick their tails or cock an ear. The youngsters, on the other hand, shy and rear up, or try to unseat their riders. But the calmness of the older horses helps to calm them, too.

Red flags are waved directly in front of these horses; men spring out unawares; and the horses are taught to face crowds in as realistic a way as possible. They must stand immobile while people crush round them, learn to push the crowds while they are cheering back into line. One of their most difficult tests is picking their way over stuffed figures on the ground, representing fallen people.

Most difficult of all is training horses to face smoke and fire because they are naturally frightened of flame. But with careful tuition they learn to pass through great clouds of smoke with confidence. It usually takes about six months to train a police horse.



THOUGH EXTREMELY TIMID, THE HORSE IS QUICK TO LEARN TO CONTROL HIS EMOTIONS

## The White Doe of the Logging Camp

R. M. WORKMAN

THE loggers first saw her when she was very young. They were returning to the camp on the logging train and she was grazing on the logged-off hillside near the track. After that they watched for her and the train-crew left bread where she could find it, and told stories of other white deer which had been seen in the old days, and some claimed that the old Indian legend was true that a white deer brought good luck to those who befriended it.

Through the months she grew, her pure white coat shining against the green of the fireweed, and as the days passed and she grew more and more familiar with the sight of the train and of the men, she fed nearer the track, and ate the bread they would leave for her from their lunches.

Then one day she was not there when the train passed. The men looked and wondered, and when they reached camp the word went around that the white deer had not been seen that morning. Nor on the next morning, or the mornings which followed. There began to be questions, angry murmurings, and at last one day a man talked too much. Being the type of man he was, he boasted of what he had done. He said her skin was soft as white wool, that she was pure albino, for her eyes were pink and even the little hooves were white. With flashlight and gun he had gone out to find her and had succeeded. Why? He really didn't know, except that he always wanted a white deerskin. But the men to whom he told that story stopped in their work and looked at him, and there was something in their eyes and in their silence that must have frightened him, for that night when he came home he burned the white skin and the last of the meat.

Officers came the next day, but there was no trace. That did not matter; his own words had betrayed him and he paid his fine and thought that would be the end of the story, but his punishment had only begun. Men did not speak to him, or if they did it was with aversion and words which showed their contempt, and the women who knew him, looked the other way as they passed him by. That is no light punishment in a logging camp, isolated from contacts through which he might escape and bound by the narrow limits of a small community; but, of course, eventually people forget, or shrug and make allowances. Nothing anyone can do or say will bring back the white deer to the slopes where she fed, or, so the old men of the camp say, bring back to the valley the gift of good fortune which the white deer carried.

## Winter Exercise for Cattle

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

ON winter mornings the inside of the barn is snug and warm in contrast to the bitter air outside. The cows stand contentedly chewing their cud; the calves bawl for their breakfasts, the heifers stretch out their heads for hay. It seems a shame to drive them outside into the cold for their morning drink.

It wouldn't be difficult to bring the water to them. On the other hand, animals need exercise in winter as well as in summer. Besides, as soon as the days begin to shorten, cattle develop long, heavy coats which effectively keep out the winter's chill. So out they go.

"The old cow" goes first. She backs out of her stanchion, turns deliberately and walks out of the barn door. She yawns, stretches her back and moves slowly to the pasture gate. "Sarnia" is next. As soon as she is free of her stanchion she begins to lick herself from head to foot, and has to be pushed outside, to complete her toilet there. Seeing "the old cow" near the bars, she follows.

The two of them walk sedately through the snowy pasture, down towards the brook. From their unconcern, it might be a balmy June day. But they stop, turn and stare as they hear a sound behind them. It's the five heifers; "Lady," "Patience," "Whimsy," "Nightshade" and "Butterball," released from their pens, galloping and prancing after them, tails stuck straight up. The cows are suddenly electrified, and join the mad race. They throw their heels up in ridiculous antics, they pretend to toss each other on their horns. Then they reach the brook.

There are open stretches of black water, bitter cold. They take tiny sips,

lick their muzzles and nostrils, take more sips. Then, when their insides are used to the cold water, they drink in long noisy gulps. Their sides plump out. Finally, they are filled to the bursting point. They back away from the water, lick their own backs and sides, stretch, shake their feet like dogs. Their breath steams up into the frosty air.

Finally "the old cow" hears the calves, still in the barn, calling. Her ears prick up, she turns and starts up the hill. The other animals fall into procession behind her. Sedately, they plod back to the barn. They aren't cold; just refreshed. All the kinks are out of their muscles. They have scratched all the itching places on their bodies by rubbing against trees. They are contented.

They walk to their accustomed places in the barn. The stanchions rattle, pen doors click shut. There is the rustle of new hay thrown in mangers, the clank of feed buckets and the smacking and gurgling of the hungry calves as they drink eagerly from full udders. The open barn door has allowed fresh air to circulate through the entire structure. Close it, and in three minutes the inside is warm and snug again. Now the cattle will be satisfied to stand until night, when once more they will have a walk, a gallop and a long drink.

There are 110 species of snakes in the United States, and only the cottonmouth, copperhead, coral snake, and rattlers are poisonous.

—National Nature News

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.



Photo by Jas. R. Parker

ANIMALS NEED EXERCISE IN WINTER AS WELL AS IN SUMMER

## The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and fifty-four new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. These were distributed as follows:—

Pennsylvania	219
South Carolina	97
Texas	90
Georgia	65
Illinois	47
Florida	46
Virginia	38
Maine	33
Ohio	12
Massachusetts	3
Michigan	2
New Jersey	1
Vermont	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 260,691.

### Their Champion

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

IN her autobiography, Kate Douglas Wiggin has frequently revealed herself as the champion of beast and bird.

On one occasion in her childhood, young Kate found two wounded bullfrogs by the side of a pond. They had been the hapless victims of a cruel stoning by small boys. Kate and her sister bound up the frogs' broken legs and bruised backs and painstakingly nursed and coaxed them back to health. The girls saw to it that the convalescent frogs always had an abundance of the nourishment they liked but were powerless to get for themselves.

Kate also gave each frog in the pond an appropriate name. She regarded them as very interesting neighbors, and enjoyed greatly what she called their "singing-school."

In later years, when sojourning in Paris, she told friends that she would as soon think of eating the family kitten as to taste frogs' legs.

In childhood years, Kate also had a pet lamb on which she lavished much care and affection. As well, she ministered efficiently to injured insects, and described them as being in her "hospital for sick bugs."

A well-loved companion of young Kate's was a little yellow dog named "Mr. Pip" after one of Dickens' characters. A stray dog was also warmly welcomed into the family circle by Kate, and was duly christened "Mr. Pocket" after another of Dickens' characters.

Some years later, when traveling in Europe, Mrs. Wiggin described an interesting humane incident in which she herself played a major part. She was dining with some friends in an out-of-door restaurant one afternoon, when suddenly a violent storm came up. The wind quickly reached gale-like proportions and enormous hailstones descended, smashing the light globes and sending glass and debris in all directions, as well as tearing away whole branches of near-by trees.

The author's first thought was for the safety of the many beautiful birds who frequented the place in great numbers to get tasty tid-bits from the restaurant patrons. Mrs. Wiggin had the waiters bring her a number of the small stunned feathered victims of the storm. These she proceeded to warm and gradually resuscitate. But her afternoon was spoiled by the fact that innumerable others of the birds had been killed outright or were so badly crippled as to be beyond aid.

It was natural that the beautiful "Birds' Christmas Carol" should come from the pen of one who had such a ready sympathy for these tiny fellow creatures who so blithely share our world.

### Scatter Ye Bread Crumbs While Ye May

Salvatore Marsiglia

Scatter ye bread crumbs while ye may—  
'Tis little enough to do!  
What of the joy a bluebird's song,  
The chirrup of robins all day long,  
Can offer up to you?

Scatter ye seeds for a feathered feast—  
For chickadee and swallow!  
Then will come the ray of pleasure  
That arises without measure,  
And is sure to follow.



Photo from Boston Herald  
HENRY LEVENSON PLAYING FOR HIS  
INJURED DOG AT ANGELL HOSPITAL

### Symphony at Animal Hospital

ABOVE is a picture of a most unique episode at the Angell Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Boston. "Brownie," pet cocker spaniel of Henry Levenson of Strathmore Road, Brighton, was struck by an automobile and brought to the Hospital for treatment. Every day, during the dog's convalescence, Henry called at the Hospital with his cornet and played several pieces for the entertainment of his music-loving dog who always raised his own voice, just as he was accustomed to do in rehearsals at home.

Henry has been taking trumpet lessons for the past year and plays in the band at the Boston Latin school where he is a first-year pupil. His musicales with Brownie at the Hospital were by no means just duets for nearly every dog in the ward joined to swell the volume of sounds.

### Welcome Feast for the Birds

A correspondent in Cornwall, Ontario, writes to tell us that he was so much interested in an article in regard to a bird feeding table which appeared recently in *Our Dumb Animals* that he was encouraged to put out food for the birds at his home during a heavy snowstorm. He used buns with plenty of raisins in them. Sparrows and grosbeaks came eagerly to the feast, and he and his small granddaughter derived much pleasure from watching them.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A New Year's Wish

GUY RICHARDSON

*I wish for all the dogs that live  
The kindest masters earth can give,  
And space to freely run and leap,  
And kennels neat in which to sleep.*

*I wish for all the cats around  
That true affection may abound,  
With comforts such as kittens seek,  
In cozy nooks from which to peek;  
And, round the fireside's ruddy glow,  
May dog and cat the pleasures know  
Of homes where love still reigns supreme,  
As man and beast together dream!*

## Flicker Isn't Fussy

DORIS GALE

**B**E sure to pad all your furniture carefully, if you ever take a flicker in to live with you! Not a bit fussy, this big, stumpy member of the woodpecker family will just hammer away at your table and chairs as if they were his favorite trees. And, remember, he can strike the wood at the rate of six hundred pecks a minute!

The flicker is the famous member of the woodpecker family, easily recognized. He's the one out of all who likes to walk about on the ground. He's the one with the large white spot on the lower part of his back. He has the usual woodpecker-tail, short and stiff, by which he braces himself while he knocks against a tree trunk. He likes to eat larvae and wild berries; and if there is plenty of food in your neighborhood you'll probably see him around all winter and summer.

The flicker isn't the fussy type at all. He's a fine father, and takes his turn in sitting on the eggs to relieve the mother. The hole bored in a tree, where the flickers live, is pecked out by both the mother and father, sharing the work. This home doesn't appear very attractive, since it hasn't a bit of greenery in it, but the baby birds love it so that the parents often have to coax for many days, when they believe the young ones are strong enough, to convince them to start out on their own!

You may call him golden-winged woodpecker, yellow hammer, yucker, clape, high-hole, pigeon woodpecker, or one of his many other nicknames, but this brown and black bird with the red bar on the back of his neck, and the white patch on his back is a fine and good-natured friend, always.

Answers to "How Many 'B' Birds?" puzzle last month: Barbet, bittern, blackcap, blackbird, bluebird, bobolink, bob-white, bowerbird, bunting, brant.



## No Gasoline Problem for Them

LEROY E. FESS

**W**HEN Uncle Sam asked for a reduction in the consumption of gasoline in the East, Theodore P. Elbers of Clarence, N. Y., was one of the first to comply. No more of those customary after-dinner rides for the wife and kids. Mrs. Elbers accepted the edict with good grace, but not so, Joe, six, and Pats, five. Finally, Mr. Elbers devised a way out. "Billy," whose chief function in life to that time had been in the role of neighborhood animated "lawn mower," was pressed into service. The Elbers children say their "gasless" carriage may not be as fast as their daddy's automobile, but it's a lot more thrilling, especially when Billy slips into high on the home stretch.

## The "Red" Birds

ALFRED I. TOOKE

**R**ED is found in the plumage of quite a number of birds, and as you see by the following list of jumbled bird names, some birds have "RED" in their names. Can you unjumble these and find what birds they are?

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. RED TO LET   | 7. RED PIP        |
| 2. RED ART PIG  | 8. RED ROW RIB    |
| 3. RED TARTS    | 9. RED BULB I     |
| 4. RED PAINS P  | 10. RED N WIG     |
| 5. RED COW POKE | 11. RED WALK O MA |
| 6. RED LIKE L   | 12. RED IF LEAF   |

Correct answers will be found on this page next month.

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

OUR ANIMAL STORY BOOKS, Edith Osswald, Arensa Sondergaard and Mary M. Reed.

Six pre-primers, "My Dog Laddie," "Biddy and the Ducks," "Frisky the Goat," "Little White Rabbit," "Peanuts the Pony," and "Hundreds of Turkeys," are issued especially for the kindergarten age. The titles are given in the order of difficulty. They all have appropriate illustrations, highly colored, on the cover and on each page, which will delight the hearts of the little folk. A word list appears in the back inside covers.

32 pp. each. Wrappers. 28 cents each. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, Yankee, Inc., Publishers.

Where else in all the wide world can be found such a fund of information, packed into 96 pages, as is gathered in "The Old Farmer's Almanac" for 1942? This is the 150th consecutive year of publication, and many extra features are included besides the usual weather, sun, moon, planet and tide corrections, game laws, and automobile laws for all the states. One can hardly think of a farmer without thinking of a horse, and here, among a noteworthy collection of poems, anecdotes and pleasantries, is a verse on "Equine Immortality." Another selection is called "Penguin." An original poem by Robert Frost and eleven quotations selected by him from his "Collected Works" give a literary flavor to the Almanac.

96 pp. Wrappers. 15 cents. Sold by American News Co.

SUNNY ISLE OF JERSEY, Alfred S. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell certainly knows his Channel Islands, as those who have read his "Golden Guernsey" and "Under the Capstone" can well testify. The present volume is published in the interests of the Channel Islands Refugee Fund, all profits being generously contributed by the author to these unfortunate people who have been driven from their homes to the mainland. The story is a fascinating and romantic one, full of witchlore and fairy tales.

In the chapter, "Bewitched Cattle," he sets forth the theory that the Jersey and Guernsey breeds originated from common ancestors. In "Jersey Cattle in America" he presents very interesting facts and tabulations of the scale of points for both bulls and cows, approved by the directors of the American Jersey Cattle Club.

The literary minded will be charmed with the chapter on Victor Hugo, who fled from the island by night, and the accounts of the brief stays of George Eliot and George Meredith.

The concluding chapter deals with the author's personal experiences as "Chambermaid on a Cattle-boat" while returning to America with a load of Jersey cattle. Of Jersey he says: "I shall never forget its beauty, its tradition, its cattle and above all the hospitality of its people."

192 pp. \$2.75. Alfred S. Campbell, Lambertville, N. J.

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Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of.....dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

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